

THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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Appeal to the Young Men of the Age.

At the late "World's Temperance Convention," the following appeal to young men was reported, by a committee appointed for that purpose. It is a spirited and stirring address, and we hope will be read, not only by young men, but, by individuals of all ages and sex.

"Five and twenty years ago the men to whom this appeal is addressed were in their cradle. But during the next quarter of this century the moral destiny of the world depends upon them. The strong hands of the veterans are, one by one, palsied by the touch of age. The voices that have rung out for God and truth, are passing slowly into the harmonies of a better world. Upon your shoulders the ark of Reform is henceforth to rest. In your hands the torch of human progress is to be borne onward.

"Among the sacred truths bequeathed to your charge is the Temperance Reformation. It owns an existence no longer than yours. Thirty years ago this movement was restricted to a few earnest spirits who, further up the mount of progress than their fellows, had caught the rays of the early dawn before it had gilded the plains below. The first national organization against alcohol was formed in 1826. Since then the history of the Temperance Reform has been a history of healthy progress—the steady movement from the unknown out in the known and the well established. The first local society with its pledge against the use of ardent spirits, the subsequent adoption of the total abstinence principle, the Washingtonian movement, the formation of beneficial Orders like the Sons of Temperance, the creation of political "Alliances," and the enactment of laws for the entire prohibition of the traffic are but the successive stages of a mighty revolution, each related to the other, and all looking to a common end. An abstract principle, once confined to a few sagacious minds, has since walked into the halls of legislation; and in five sovereign States it now sits upon the bench of Justice, crowned with the majesty of the LAW.

"The God of Love has stood by the history of this reform from its cradle, and has guided it onward through its most critical periods. To the young men of our time it is committed both as a trial and as a trust. What is it that God and humanity demand of us? What is the great question for our practical solution? Unless we greatly err, that question simply is—shall we, by Jehovah's help, destroy the traffic in intoxicating poisons, or shall they destroy us? Shall we lay alcohol in its grave, or permit him to lay a myriad of our comrades in their own? Shall we consent to have the most brilliant intellects among us any longer extinguished? Shall we permit the fair bride of to-day to become the desolate widow of to-morrow?

Shall we stand idly by and see the noblest of our brotherhood go down to darkness and the worm? Shall we

suffer the monster evil to cast its hideous shadow athwart the rays that fall from Calvary itself, or shall we band in hand, join in the death-grapple with the Hydra? The destiny of millions hang upon our answer.

"The determination of this question demands that great plainness of speech, as well as earnestness in action. Let us learn to speak right out. The press that is silent on this topic, deserves a place in the cellars of Herkulanum. The legislator who has not studied the code of prohibition, is unworthy of the seat he encumbers. The orator is to point his shafts, the voter must arm his ballots, and the philanthropist is to direct his prayerful efforts straight toward this grand moral question of the age.

"In this warfare for humanity, we have need of patience, Wilberforce, toiled through one whole generation ere the British Parliament declared the slave trade to be piracy. Opinions grow slowly. Let us put our trust in Truth rather than in majorities. The prohibitory law movement was not long ago, in a minority of one, but the Lord of Hosts stood with that man, and together they were more than an overmatch for all that were against them. Galileo with his telescope, and Columbus with his compass, stood up alone against the world; but they both at last brought over the whole world to their positions. May it not be also that before this century closes, the law of Maine will become the law of Christendom?

"Comrades in this sublime warfare! we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Humanity beckons us onward. We tread upon the dust of heroes as we advance. White-robed Love, floating in mid-air before us, leads us to the conflict. The shouts of the ransomed are in our tents; and the voice of praise makes music amid our banners.

"Let us press forward with our age. Let us wear a bright link in the history of our country. Let us lie down to our rest nearer the goal of human perfection. Let us find in our toils an ever exciting stimulus—an ever-fresh delight. So shall our later annals be written in the characters of a millennial glory. So shall our posterity be cheered by that sun which shall shine with a seven-fold lustre, as a light of seven days."

"A friend of ours has taken the trouble to analyze a tumbler of double X Ale, and reports that he found it composed of the following ingredients: Two parts putrid horse-flesh, three parts pool-water, one part malt, one-half part hops, and the balance, two parts and a half, he could find no name for. The discovery was anything but an agreeable one to him, as he is an inordinate lover of the nut-brown beverage with its snowy foam. He thinks that during his life, he has drank the carcasses of about six dead horses, and enough stagnant water to supply the city cisterns three months. —Cleveland Forest City.

Strong beer, that

Female Piety.

The Gem of all others which enriches the coronet of a lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person—the enchantment of the countenance—the grace and strength of her intellect—yet her loveliness is uncrowned till piety throws around the sweetness and power of her charms. She then becomes unearthly in desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to the things below is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope, to the habitation of her God, where it is her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thralldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory. Her beauty may throw a magical charm over many; princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her love; the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in history and song; yet her piety must be her armament—her pearl. Her name must be written in the "Book of Life," that when the mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the

been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voice attuned to the melody of heaven. With such a treasure, every lawful gratification on earth may be purchased; friendships will be doubly sweet, pain and sorrow will lose their sting, and her character will possess a price far above riches; life will be but a pleasant visit to the earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard, and sleeping millions wake to judgment, its possessor shall be presented faultless before the throne of God, with exceeding joy and a crown of glory that shall never fade away. Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind; wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for a season; but like the flowers, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humor. In the gloomy seasons, piety will support the drooping soul like the refreshing dew upon the parched earth. Such is piety, like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of a woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted and set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the Paradise of God. Follow this star—it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that gathers round a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the heaven of promised rest. —Presbyterian.

"John, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweet-heart the other day. "Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these two years."

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON THE TURKISH WAX. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Partington, and so she is dear—not that she meant so; because under that black bonnet is humility, and self-praise forms no part of her reflections. It was a simple ejaculation, that was all; our word for it. "Dear me, here they are going to have a war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender; and Prince Knockemstiff has gone off in a miff, and the Russian bears and Austrians are all to be let loose and devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a dreadful thing—so destroying to temper and good clothes, and men shoot at each other just as if they was gutter purchase, and cheap at that!" How sorrowfully the cover of the snuff-box shut, as she ceased speaking, and the spectacles looked dewy, like a tumbler in summer-heat, filled with ice water, as she looked at the profile of the corporal with the sprig of sweet fern above it, and the old sword behind the door. What did like mean as he stole in, and deposited some red article under the

sound followed—crack! whizz! went a bunch of crackers—and Mrs. Partington, in consternation and cloth slippers, danced about the room, forgetful of distant war in present alarm. Ah, like!

A Hoboken acquaintance of ours, with a couple of friends, sat down the other night at a round table to consult the spirits. Our space will not allow us to narrate minutely the progress of the manifestations; we must, therefore, content ourselves with this result. Our friend swears that after a few hours sitting, during which they merely put their hands on the table and raised them to their lips, the mahogany got so excited that it eluded their grasp, threw them down under it, and then flew around the room, broke the chairs, and finally smashed the mirror and mantle-piece ornaments. Our friend swears that it was the spirits—but the neighbors say that the spirits on the table, in the shape of decanters, made them all so drunk, that they had a fight, in which the furniture got annihilated. The spiritual manifestations are very common. There seems to be an inherent hatred between furniture and crockery and spirits. —Reveille and Review.

Addison has left on record, the following important sentence: Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, as the man said when the sheriff was after him."